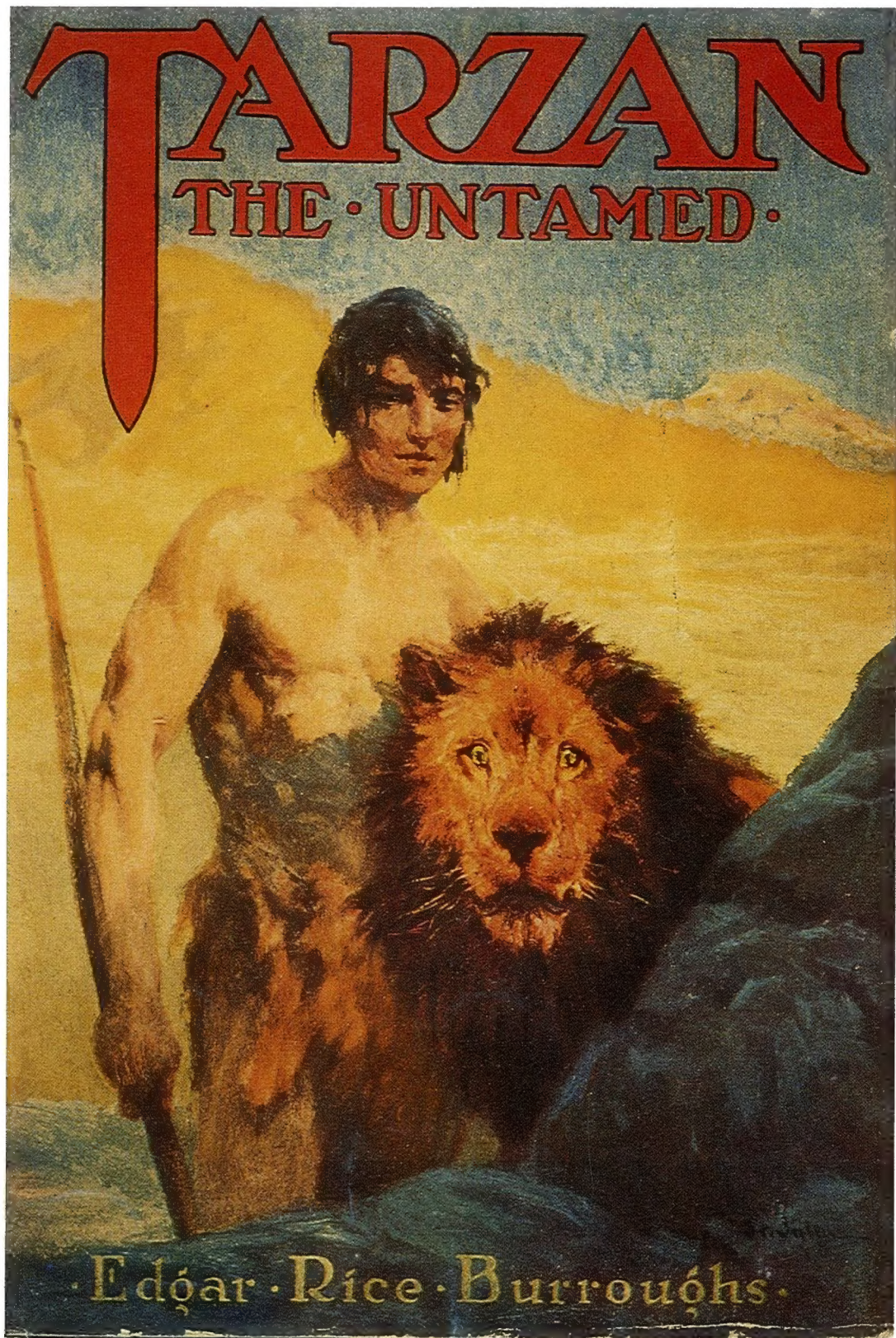
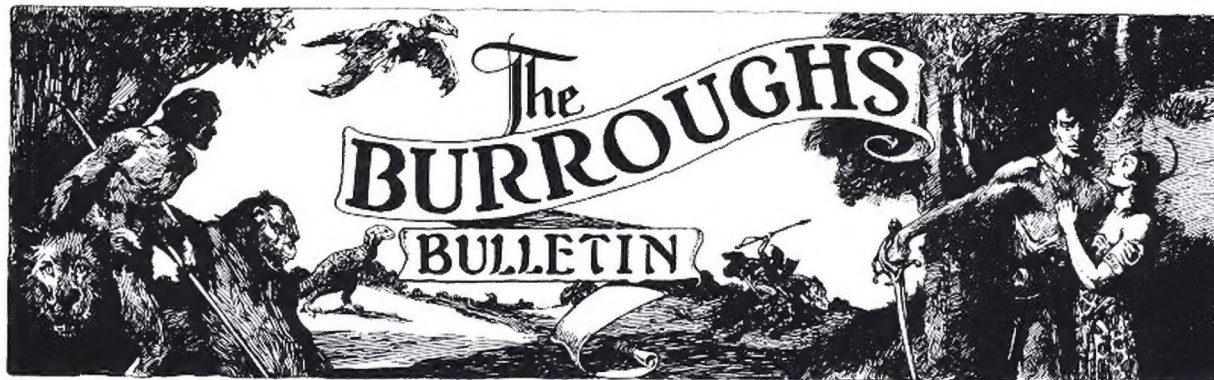


BURROUGHS BULLETIN

NEW SERIES #26

SPRING, 1996





NUMBER 26 (New Series)

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

KAOR, BURROUGHS BIBLIOPHILES!

Spring has sprung and we hope you will enjoy our Spring issue which pays tribute to ERB's 26th story, *TARZAN THE UNTAMED*. The J. Allen St. John dust jacket illustration for the 1920 first edition is reproduced on our front cover, and Boris Vallejo's spectacular painting for the 1976 Ballantine paperback edition brings up the rear. For this issue's PICTURE GALLERY, Tom Yeates writes: "I have a drawing for you on the theme of your next issue. This is a piece I did in the early 80s titled 'The Return.'" Congratulations are in order for Tom and wife Lori who are the proud parents of "a new jungle girl" named Olivia Almeida Yeates, born on January 8th of this year. Offhand, I'd say that Olivia is likely to be exposed to Burroughs at some point early in life.

Stephen Harris, who brought us the "Abbie an' Slat's" connection in an earlier issue, returns with a fascinating story of the fateful love affair of Tarzan actor Glenn Morris and Hitler's propaganda documentarian, Leni Reifenstahl. Illustrations are from Leni Reifenstahl's "Olympia" or from the private collection of the author. David Adams continues his fine work with a succinct outline of *TARZAN THE UNTAMED*. Jack Iverson and John Szuch have contributed two vignettes on the life of the late Tarzan artist, Burne Hogarth. (Many thanks to all of you who sent in donations for the Hogarth tree planting at Greystoke Castle. This will be a worthy memorial). Phil Petras went to Disneyland in Florida for 3 days to watch the filming of the new Tarzan picture, and gives us a first-hand report of his findings. You'll find descriptions by Harry Thiel and Harold Peters of the new Trendmaster toys, now on sale at K-Mart, Wal-Mart and Toys R Us. Last, but not least, our "reporter at large," Ken Webber, brings us another great interview, this time with Dark Horse Comic's new illustrator, Bret Blevins.

Two ERB conventions are scheduled for this summer. The E.C.O.F. convention will be hosted by Jerry Spannraft in mid-June, featuring Tarzan actor Denny Miller who has offered to pose with fans for a slight fee which will be donated to Jerry for operating expenses. More information will be forthcoming in the next issues of the *GRIDLEY WAVE*. The Tarzana, California DUM-DUM falls on the third week in August (August 23-25), one week before the World-Con which will be near by. It will be hosted by the Sub-ERBs of Los Angeles with guest of honor, Harlan Ellison. It will be held at the Marriott Hotel in Woodland Hills, near ERB's former Tarzana ranch and the ERB, Inc. offices. The fee will be \$60 which will pay for souvenirs, commemorative tee-shirt (with an original design by Bill Stout), Saturday night's banquet, and other activities. Tracy Griffin (of the Sub-ERBs) has set up a Dum-Dum hotline for you to call for further information. The number is (213) 960-5295.

The July issue of the *BB* will feature ERB's 27th story, *THE MOON MAID*, which was posthumously honored with a Hugo Award. If any of you have special thoughts on this great book, send them in for publication. 1996 will close with our coverage of "The Efficiency Expert." In the meantime, enjoy our glorious Spring, wherever you are, and tell a friend about ERB and the *BB*. We need more members to spread the gospel. Cheers!

George T. McWhorter
Editor



KEYS TO TARZAN THE UNTAMED

by
David A. Adams

"From the edge of the roof he looked down upon the night life of the mad city. He saw men and women and children and lions, and of all that he saw it was quite evident to him that only the lions were sane."

* * *



"The Fight With Ska" by J. Allen St. John
TARZAN THE UNTAMED chapter 7

TARZAN THE UNTAMED is a spectacular book. Lupoff ranks it the first of a group of related ERB novels called "Tarzan's Greatest Adventures." *UNTAMED* was a controversial book in Germany in 1925 (Stefan von Sorel wrote two indignant books protesting ERB's anti-German sentiments: "Tarzan der Deutschenfresser" and "Tarzan Hat Geträumt" which effectively stopped publication of the Tarzan stories in Germany for 25 years). But despite Burroughs' own disclaimer that he was influenced by the war propaganda of the time, it is not, under careful scrutiny, unduly unfair.

True, *UNTAMED* is a sectional book. Many of the chapters first appeared as separate stories, but they all fit together quite well, the seams filled with tight-packed desert sand. If "Tarzan and the Huns" (ERB's working title) is not your preferred title for the book, you might think of it as "Tarzan's Misadventures with Bertha Kircher," for she is the one character who ties all the stories together.

Here is the basic form of *TARZAN THE UNTAMED*.

Part One: Chapters 1-6 (Tarzan and the Huns in WW I). Burroughs presents here a series of splendid stories, some of the strongest Tarzan adventures he ever wrote. Hauptmann Fritz Schneider is the villainous Hun whom Tarzan tracks through tales that fairly crackle with red-hot excitement. Tarzan is bent on revenge for the death of Jane, and he follows his prey relentlessly with his grisly, grim humor at bay. This is strong stuff indeed, not for the fainthearted, yet the brand of justice Tarzan metes out to the Hun is entirely within character, war propaganda or no.

Tarzan loses his civilized home, then immediately defends his chosen evening lair from a leopard. The kill is not gratuitous. Now that everything else is gone, he needs to recover his place in the jungle.

The totem animal of the lion found in every Tarzan story becomes here a strange, gaunt one — starving, bagged so we cannot see his face. Later, we encounter a lion that behaves much like a large dog, who whines and does not act the part of a normal lion at all. The lion

symbol is hurt and confused by war; he is Tarzan-ERB's soul and soul-mate under dire conditions. Somehow the lions in *TARZAN THE UNTAMED* are incredibly sad and reach out for our sympathy if not outright for our human pity.

Part One ends with a desert "Interlude," Chapter 7, the famous battle with Ska illustrated by St. John (and Vallejo on the cover of the Ballantine paperback) and Chapter 8, a particularly grim chapter of black-baiting, ending at the Dum Dum.

Part Two, Chapters 9-14 or 15, introduce a new character, Harold Percy Smith-Oldwick, a British pilot who remains until the end of the book. There are short stories, including "The Black Flyer," and episodes filled with the usual capture and escape. But we suddenly come upon a human head impaled upon a branch. It is a head without a body, but it speaks to us through grisly, broken lips. It speaks of the barbarism of war. It whispers a reminder of the crucifixion of the son of Muviro.

By the way ... never get into an airplane in a Tarzan story. The percentage of crashes are astounding. Tarzan's airy acrobatics, so soundly denounced by a real pilot, First Lieutenant Karl de V. Fastenau, in the Porges biography should have included the fact that the plane landed at all, not that Tarzan did impossible things. Tarzan always does the impossible — that's what makes him Tarzan.

Part Three (Chapters 16-24) might be called "Tarzan and the Lunatics," or as I prefer to call it, "Burroughs' Nightmare of War."

In Chapter 15, Tarzan enters the Interlude of the desert again, which neatly ties up the novel to Chapter 7. This time instead of crossing the eight gorges, the characters go up the length of a fatal gorge and run into a lost city filled with maniacs. Some critics have simply read this off as another lost city adventure, but it is so bizarre that I prefer to include it among the gut-level endings ERB seems to find when he lets his imagination run amuck. Yes, Tarzan is trying to rescue the damsel in distress, but this time it is Bertha Kircher, his hated enemy, a German spy whom he would be happy to see dead. Yes, he is traveling with a lion and a human friend, Smith-Oldwick, but the lion is a so-called "normal forest lion" and the man, well, he's just a noble English type. It's the mad city that makes the gears of this machine scream.

The citizens of Xuja are crazy, but they have their lucid moments. Where did they come from? Why are they mad? We never know. They are simply unpredictable maniacs. When Smith-Oldwick lags behind on the way to the city (weakened by a mauling from one of their tame lions), one of the guards goes berserk, choking and beating him to the ground. When I read that scene I knew ERB had not cut his novel in two. It was not "Tarzan and the Huns" followed by a predictable lost city story ... he had in



Tarzan dances the Dum-Dum in St. John's magnificent painting for *TARZAN THE UNTAMED*, chapter 8.

reality come to the crux of the matter with the German war machine. ERB was revealing the total madness of the horrible war still raging in Europe, a land completely unpredictable, a city of madmen where rage ruled an insane world. It is a Burroughsian nightmare where you are chased by maniacs, lions, and (can you believe it) parrots! Tarzan squeezes a guard by the neck until his eyes pop out of their sockets! "Only the lions are sane." Doors and trapdoors spring open and shut again, you eat the same lions you treated yesterday like big, black-maned German shepherd dogs. Orders are screamed; in fact, screams and death are so common that most of the time no one even bothers to check on the body count. The hounds of this war are the hounds of Hell. It is not all light-weight Burroughs.

Open-ended, yes. Bertha Kircher is really a double-agent, although we knew that from the first. Only Tarzan seemed unaware, but he was on a mission of revenge, and ultimately, headed towards his father's cabin on the land-locked harbor.

The thing about "*Tarzan and the Valley of Luna*" is that he moves through the city like a ghost, dressed in a yellow robe of the maniacs. We never fear for his safety because he always has everything under control. The nightmare slips away like the bad dream it is; the brutal kills are easy for Tarzan, the ultimate avenger. This is the only weakness of the book. The City of Xuja is just a mad city like so many of our mad cities today. The horror is simply taken for granted. The bodies are simply thrown out the window. Maniacs, lions, and parrots! Yet, when we finally leave this nightmare, it is sadness that makes us grateful we have awakened. Tarzan himself was at the point of giving up hope in the final battle scene, even though he kept on saying "We still live!" Never did a story need a sequel like this one. "One must die sometime ... What difference does it make which it is, or whether it comes tonight or next year or in ten years?" Both Tarzan and ERB had their teeth clenched all the way through.

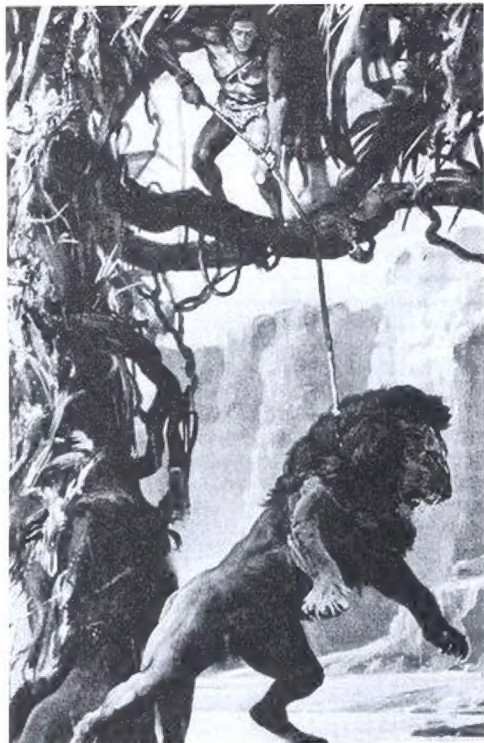
... David Adams

(Editor's Note: This article is excerpted from David Adams' longer work entitled *EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS AND THE SOUL OF THE LION*, written in 1995.)

QUOTABLE QUOTE FROM ERB

"He won his way through his savage world by the might of his own muscle, the superior keenness of his five senses, and his God-given power to reason."

TARZAN THE UNTAMED (p. 198)



"Tarzan captures Numa" painted by Milan Fibiger for the Czech edition of *TARZAN THE UNTAMED*, 1992.

OLYMPIC LOVE AFFAIR

by
Stephen L. Harris



Glenn Morris at the 1936 Olympic Games, Berlin
(photo by Leni Riefenstahl)

The way she carried herself, there was no doubt who was in charge.

The woman was the actress and cinematographer, Leni Riefenstahl. A few years earlier, her propaganda film, "Triumph of the Will" had captured the fanaticism of the Nazi Party. Now she was making an epic movie about the Olympics. With an army of six cameramen and 160 assistants, she seemed to be everywhere,

Like a caged animal, the unbearably shy Glenn Morris paced back and forth as the second day of the 1936 Olympic decathlon wore on. He suffered the oppressiveness of 120,000 eyes piercing down on him, even those of the German Chancellor, Adolph Hitler. Since the opening of the Olympic Games, 800,000 people had crammed into Berlin's Reich Sports Field. On this day, they came to watch the American break the world record. But what they failed to see before their eyes was an event of the heart .. as the handsome American decathlete, destined to play the next celluloid Tarzan, and the woman they called the "German Garbo" fell in love.

After his final discus throw, the seventh event of the decathlon, the strapping youth wrapped a towel around his head and sprawled on the infield grass, hoping to relax next to his teammates Bob Clark and Jack Parker.

At that moment an entourage of civilians led by German decathlete Erwin Huber marched across the infield. With Huber was a stunningly beautiful woman, her strawberry blond hair held in place by a handkerchief.



Leni Riefenstahl meets the American Olympic team (1936)

directing everything. For the opening of her film, she sought the ideal discus thrower blessed with the body of a Greek god. Huber was anxious for her to meet Glenn Morris.

As her entourage swept toward the encampment of decathletes, Leni's heart fluttered. One look at the American Adonis and she knew she had found her Olympic god. She recalled that "incredible" moment sixty years later. "When Huber presented me to Morris, we ... could not stop looking at each other. I had never felt like that before. I tried to suppress my rising feelings." If she was to finish her epic sports film, she knew there was no room for an affair of the heart.

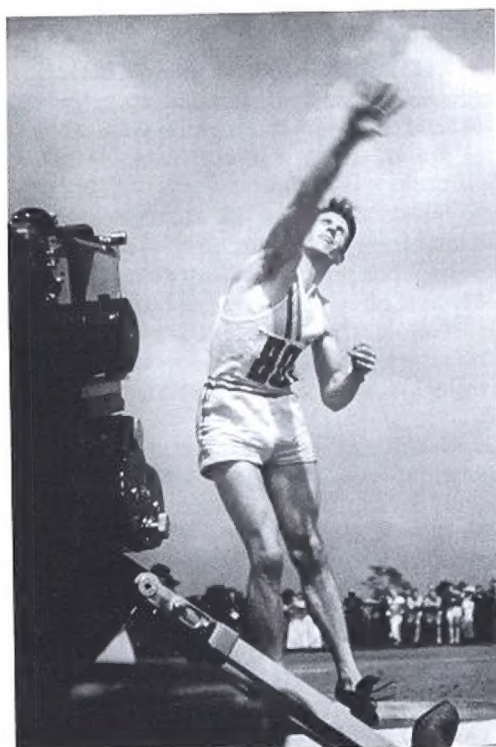
But that evening and in the days and nights to come, she was utterly helpless. And so was Morris, whose heart would be pulled asunder because waiting back home was his college sweetheart, and an adoring American public, its distrust of all things German on the rise. As he would discover tragically, his love affair with this beautiful Nazi propagandist would haunt him to his dying days.

Glenn Morris was unknown when, like a rocket from the Rockies, the Coloradan burst upon the Olympic scene. In only three decathlons, he set the American, Olympic and world records.

The Morrises were homesteaders. They arrived in Colorado from Missouri aboard a wagon in 1915, when Glenn was three years old. Their father claimed 160 acres three miles outside of Simla, built a sod house and started farming pinto beans. Every weekend he drove his children into town so they could attend Sunday School. "Before every meal we bowed our heads," said a sister, Virginia, "and nobody said anything until after we said grace." The day he left for New York to catch the ship that was to take him to Berlin, Glenn said to his brother, "Stand by me, Jack, and pray for me, as you have always done."

As poor farm boys, the Morris brothers wore frayed shirts and tattered overalls to school. Holes as big as fists exposed their elbows and knees for ridicule. The shame Glenn felt filled him with a shyness that many took for a holier-than-thou aloofness. Yet he excelled on the athletic fields and in the classroom. At Colorado A&M, he was a standout hurdler, the best right end the football team ever had, and president of the student body. His college coach, Harry Hughes, "knew in a glance" that he had a natural-born athlete. Said Hughes, "That boy carried plenty of dynamite. He was quick on his feet as a cat, and he had a hair-trigger mind."

But if Glenn was ever to be an Olympian he had to clear a major medical hurdle. He suffered from attacks of asthma and pneumonia. "Mother would say that at the end of every race he would fall to the ground and just claw the cinders for a breath of air. She got so she couldn't go," recalled another sister, Theda.



Glenn Morris, world champion discus thrower, Berlin, 1936
(Photo by Leni Riefenstahl)

What Morris needed was someone to nurture him.

At Colorado A&M, he found Charlotte Edwards, a dark-haired beauty with dazzling blue eyes. Charlotte majored in chemistry, then switched to home economics. After she and Glenn fell in love, they worked together to make his Olympic dream come true. She used her knowledge as a cook and chemist to feed her lover's athletic prowess with her own special diets.

Morris made his decathlon debut on April 17th, at the University of Kansas Relays. Two decathletes from the Relays were expected to make the 1936 U.S. Olympic team. In a newspaper poll, the country's track coaches predicted who they would be: the Olympic veteran Clyde Coffman, current national pentathlon champion, and Jay Berwanger, University of Chicago gridiron star and first winner of the Heisman Trophy. Not competing in the Relays was two-time national decathlon champion Robert Clark of the San Francisco Athletic Club, the other odds-on favorite to be an Olympic decathlete.

In the first heat of the 100 meters, the speedy Berwanger, who wanted a berth on the U.S. Olympic team as his final athletic conquest, was expected to breeze to victory. His main threat was Lovett Burk of Oklahoma. The remaining two men in his heat were virtual unknowns, and neither were counted on to mount much of a threat. One of them, running under the colors of the Denver Athletic Club, was Glenn Morris.

Over the years, Berwanger's lightning speed had left defensive backs pawing empty air as he broke away on long touchdown runs. At the bark of the starter's pistol, he bolted down the straightaway as if heading for the end zone. But as fast as he was, Dutch couldn't shake the unknown Coloradan. As they bolted across the finish line, Morris was timed at 10.6 seconds. Berwanger trailed at 11 flat.

Shaking his head, the famed but exhausted Heisman Trophy winner respectfully eyed this rocket from the Rockies. Coffman, warming up for his heat, also stole a look. Meanwhile, Morris took over the Relays with such force that all the competitors were dazzled. He was fast, strong and agile. He amassed 7,576 points, crushing Coffman by almost 500 points and setting a new American record.

Berwanger finished third and, when he returned to Chicago, he lamented to his college dean that his dream of making the Olympics was over.

On the West Coast, Robert Clark prepared to defend his national decathlon championship during the last weekend in June at Milwaukee's Marquette University. The A.A.U. meet would also serve as the Olympic trials.

With Berwanger out, a three-way race for the title had now developed between Coffman, Clark and Morris. Clark's strength was the long jump. In America in the 1930s, only Jesse Owens jumped farther. But there was also another candidate; Jack Parker from Lamoni, Iowa ... head-



Leni Riefenstahl as "Junta" in *THE BLUE LIGHT* (1932)



Bob Clark, American Olympic team decathlete (Berlin, 1936)

strong and almost uncoachable because of a violent temper.

As the first two events unfolded, Clark let Morris know that if he was to wrest his title away he would need to set another record. He tied Morris in the 100, each timed at a blistering 10.7 seconds. In the long jump, Clark sailed 25 feet 11½ inches, at that time the greatest leap in decathlon history!

But in the shot put, Morris' strength showed. He tossed the iron ball 47 feet 5 3/8 inches to beat Clark by nearly six feet.

Event by event, as he had done in Kansas, Morris dominated. And when he painfully ran the last event, the 1500, his defective lungs burning as always, he not only reset the American record with 7,780 points, but broke the world mark held by Germany's Hans-Heinrich Sievert.

Clark, who closed with 7,598 points and Parker at 7,290, joined Morris on the U.S. team that sailed for Europe three weeks later.

A sprawling city on the banks of the Havel and Spree Rivers, Berlin in 1936 held over 4,000,000 citizens, the fourth largest city in the world. It was a mesh of twisting, looping canals,

connecting it to the Elbe and Oder Rivers. Along the broad thoroughfares neon lights heralded beer gardens, cabarets and dance halls. At Landre's Weissbierstuben, patrons gulped down steins of the city's famous white beer. But beer consumption was down 40 percent. Germans were watching their weight ... trying to capture the Aryan ideal. Fittingly, in Berlin alone, there were 660 indoor gyms and 236 sport fields. The biggest and best, of course, was the Reich Sports Field, built to outlast the coming one-thousand-year history of the Third Reich.

A place for the stadium was chosen eight miles west of the city, where winds blew away the smog, insuring clean air for the athletes. A racing stadium was torn down, and a marvel made of German marble, basalt, granite and limestone rose in its place. Nearly 3,000 workers swarmed over the 350-acre site like busy bees. For more than a year they toiled, erecting a structure to hold 120,000 spectators.

During the hectic construction of the stadium, Berlin caught Olympic fever. A correspondent for the *New York Times* feverishly reported that the city's preparation for the summer games was "unequaled in history. The world never saw its like."

Dr. Joseph Goebbels, minister of propaganda, told citizens to be gracious hosts because the Olympics provided "an unrivaled opportunity to end all foreign prejudice against the German nation." When the Americans arrived in Germany, tens of thousands of Berliners lined the streets to catch sight of "the wonder team." According to a sports columnist, they waited with "unrestrained eagerness." Traffic stopped in all directions. And when the Americans passed by, the Germans waved flags, greeting their athletic guests with "... genuine outbursts of



German athlete congratulates a blanketed Morris on his Olympic victory at Berlin, 1936

enthusiasm" that "came from the heart."

During the welcoming ceremony at the Olympic Village, Avery Brundage, president of the American Olympic Committee, said: "No nation since ancient Greece has captured the true Olympic spirit as has Germany."

Eager to capture that spirit on film and show it to the world, the Nazis turned to Leni Riefenstahl.

The daughter of a Berlin businessman, Leni was a ballet prodigy and

danced for one of Germany's leading impresarios. She became a movie star, appearing in the films of Arnold Fanck. In 1926, when she was only 19, she starred in *THE HOLY MOUNTAIN*, the first of a series of alpine epics. A rapt critic said that she was "so beautiful and so athletic ..." But Leni wanted to *make* movies, not star in them. She put money aside and when she had enough she directed her first film, *THE BLUE LIGHT*. Released in 1932, it won a gold medal that year at the Venice Biennale. Remarking on her philosophy of directing, she said, "What you can show, you must not say. These are moving pictures. Keep the cameras moving."

After seeing *THE BLUE LIGHT*, Hitler was reported to have said, "Whenever the Party needs a film to be made, ... this woman must make it." But Leni was an artist. She wanted to produce "real films," not propaganda, and when Hitler approached her to direct *TRIUMPH OF THE WILL*, she balked. Angered at her refusal, he pleaded, "You'll only have to give me six days of your life!" As it turned out, the six days she gave Hitler spread through a lifetime. And the world never forgave her for giving in.

When the Olympic decathlon got underway, nervous energy coursed through Morris' taut body. On the trip over he gained eight pounds. Because it rained during most of the ocean crossing, he caught a cold that "settled in my muscles," he told a reporter. He feared his gold medal dream was in danger. He'd seen what a cold could do to his chief rival, Hans-Heinrich Sievert. The German star had a disabling sore throat and a temperature that soared past 102 degrees Fahrenheit. He was forced to scratch from the decathlon.

Morris received four rubdowns a day to ease his aching muscles. Still, he agonized himself back into knots. From eight pounds overweight he dropped two pounds below the 182 pounds he had carried when he set the world record at the Olympic Trials. He knew that when the decathlon got underway he would not be ready.

In the 100-meter dash, he ran a dreadful race, timed at 11.1 seconds. Clark beat him by two-tenths of a second. Morris equaled his best in the long jump at 22 feet 10½ inches. Clark then notched a 25-foot leap, an Olympic decathlon record. By the end of the first day, Clark was ahead of his Colorado rival by two points.

That night Morris tossed and turned. He downed four cups of coffee to try to ease the

tension, although he was not a coffee drinker. Heading into Saturday's finals, he had slept only two hours.

However, on the second day, the fretting Morris opened with a stunning 14.9 seconds in the 110-meter high hurdles, shattering the decathlon mark. He jumped into first place, never to be threatened again ... and set his sights on a new Olympic and world record.

But first came Leni.

Her march across the infield stirred Morris. His sweetheart back home was a beauty. Without her help he knew he'd have been elsewhere that moment instead of at the Olympics. But the gorgeous German now before him swept away in a heartbeat whatever feelings he held for Charlotte.

Rumored to be one of Hitler's mistresses, which she denied, Leni won the hearts of many a male athlete while directing her Olympic film. She only had time for filmmaking, not lovemaking. But when she saw Morris her heart betrayed her. Knowing he'd stand in the way of her work, she purposely shied away from him.

In the meantime, Morris was on track to set a new world and Olympic record. All he needed to do in the final event, the grueling 1500 meters, was run a 4:32. His fastest time was 4:48.1. Because his weak lungs were made even weaker by a persistent cold, knocking seventeen seconds off his time appeared impossible. The mark seemed safe.

Hitler, however, stayed. The night gloom made it impossible for Riefenstahl to film the race. And so she stayed for another reason.

At the crack of the starter's pistol, Morris "started off like the powerhouse he is and kept plowing along in front until the last lap." Arthur Daley of *The New York Times* painted a grim picture of Morris. "His features were strained and drawn. Every step was painful, but still he came running only with his heart." Another journalist wrote, "In his final drive to victory, Morris aroused the emotions of the crowd beyond anything any American had been able to do. ... The Colorado boy even had Hitler excitedly rocking back and forth like a coxswain coaxing a crew as he led a throng of 90,000 in cheering the American down the stretch ..."

As he collapsed at the race's end with a world record of 7,990 points, every spectator in the stadium jumped up, cheering! Even the Fuhrer!

Morris was given his gold that night. As the stands emptied he looked for Leni. She had been nearby the whole time. He came up to her, his sweat drying in the evening coolness. She held out her hand to congratulate him. But a handshake was not what either wanted. Instead, Glenn took her into his arms.

"I thought, what a fool, a crazy man, a madman!" she recalled. "I freed myself from him and ran away! but the wild way he looked at me haunted me. Never did I want to speak to him again!"

The only way Leni could keep away from the Olympic champion was to bury herself in her work. But forces beyond her control conspired to bring them together.

The most dramatic event of the Olympics, the pole vault, had gone on and on, far into the night. The lighting was poor, and the Americans and Japanese battled in the eerie glow of a spotlight ... making it too dark for Riefenstahl to film. The only way she could capture the event was to have it reenacted. For help, she turned to Erwin Huber. He told her that



Riefenstahl's camera captures Glenn Morris
in action at the Olympic Games, 1936

Japanese cooperation was easy, but that he'd have to talk to Morris to see if the American might persuade his teammates back to the pole-vault pit.

Morris agreed, but asked for a favor. Could he see Leni's studio? Reluctantly, she consented. "I knew he would return to the United States, and besides I wanted to resist any emotional complications."

But the moment they were alone her resistance buckled.

When the Olympics ended, Brundage sent his athletes on a goodwill tour of Europe. Most of them didn't want to go. They were tired of competition. Jesse Owens mutinied. Brundage stripped him of his amateur standing. Morris, the good trooper, followed orders.

But he was gone for only a short time before a call from Riefenstahl ordered him back to Berlin. She needed to re-create the decathlon 1500. Brundage allowed Morris to return. After all, in the United States he was a hero; more so than Jesse Owens. Named the outstanding competitor of the Olympic Games, Morris later won the Sullivan Award

as America's best amateur athlete. Sol Lesser, who was about to produce his first Tarzan movie, hinted that the new champion might be the next ape man.

From coast to coast, fans wanted to know more about the Coloradan. When the press found out he had a sweetheart waiting for him at home, it twisted their relationship into an engagement. The Denver Post claimed that theirs was "... a plain western love story ... free and fresh as a breeze from the Rockies."

But in Berlin the real love story was being played out.

Knowing Glenn was on his way back to her, Leni found herself in a "terrible emotional state." She and Glenn, she said, could not let others know they were in love. She especially feared Goebbels. He had been jealous of her ever since TRIUMPH OF THE WILL had upstaged him. If the powerful propaganda minister discovered her affair with the American, he might end her career.

"We had to restrain our feelings. But against them nothing could be done. They became so powerful that Morris did not return to Sweden to his teammates. I imagined he was the man I could marry. I completely lost my head. I had never gone through such a passion in my life. I forgot everything ... even my work."

Their time together was too short, quick as a heartbeat. Although Leni squeezed in the filming of the 1500, she neglected her still photographs. The day before Glenn was to depart for Hamburg to rejoin the team for their voyage home, she discovered her neglect. Glenn

begged her to forget the photos. For once, she said, reason overruled passion. "In great haste I had my crew prepare everything for the scenes that were supposed to be taken inside the stadium. Only after midnight was the shooting finished. In the early morning, Morris had to leave me."

And in the dawn's first light, he slipped away from Leni forever, making his way alone to Hamburg to catch the ship that would carry him home and to the waiting arms of Charlotte. In the emptiness of her studio, Leni was "touched by a feeling of deep sadness."

Back in America, Morris rode through one ticker-tape parade after another, Charlotte at his side. In December, they were married. Sol Lesser quickly signed him to play Tarzan. NBC executives hired him to work for their radio station.

In Berlin, Leni toiled 18 hours a day, editing 250 miles of film. For almost two years, she cut and snipped and spliced together "Olympia." Her film premiered in Berlin on April 20, 1938, in time for Hitler's 49th birthday. It was universally praised as one of the greatest sports films ever produced.

In January, 1938, "Tarzan's Revenge" was released. Perhaps the worst Tarzan film of all, it was panned. And then the love story, once described as free and fresh as a Rocky Mountain breeze, turned stale. Charlotte filed for divorce. She quoted Glenn as saying, "I'm sorry I ever married you! I don't love you!" She demanded \$700 a month in alimony. Before a judge, the Olympic champion confessed he was flat broke.

The same year, Riefenstahl traveled to the United States to promote "Olympia." But from the moment she stepped on American soil she was vilified as a "Nazi agent." A boycott followed, led by (among others) the writer Budd Schulberg. She was told that "there is no room in Hollywood for Leni Riefenstahl." Crushed and bitter, she limped back to Berlin.

When war finally came, Morris enlisted in the navy. He served aboard an attack transport in the Pacific. His job was to land troops on enemy-held islands. As kamikaze pilots crashed into American ships, he steered his landing craft onto the beaches, where machine-gun bullets ripped apart young soldiers. His brother Jack, also a navy veteran, believed that when Glenn saw "his boys bounce off the beach when they hit the sands," the experience was so torturous that he never recovered. Shell-shocked, Morris ended up in a veteran's hospital near San Francisco.

Although many



Leni Riefenstahl had special holes dug so they could take close-ups of the athletes without disturbing them.

artists and writers fled Germany during the Hitler years, Riefenstahl chose to stay. At war's end, she was tried as a Nazi, but was found innocent. That didn't sway Budd Schulberg. For an article about her in a 1946 issue of The Saturday Evening Post, entitled "Nazi Pin-up Girl," he embarked on a quest to find a "cache of important secret films" to be used as evidence against the major war criminals at Nuremberg. "One personality stood out over all the rest," he wrote. "Leni Riefenstahl." He said her tastes were like those of the Marquis de Sade. He found her in Kitzbuhel, ridiculed her as a "fading beauty" and sneered when she begged for a can of gasoline. If he ever found the secret cache of films, he never mentioned it.

In the veterans' hospital, Morris' sisters tried vainly to draw their brother out of the shell into which he had withdrawn. Theda took him out for drives. One day they were in Chinatown. Mistaking the Chinese for Japanese, Glenn went crazy. He screamed at them from the open window of the car.

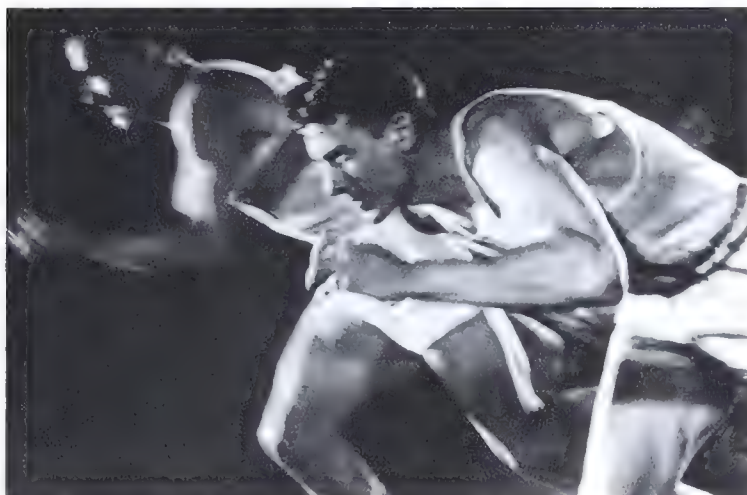
"It scared me to death!" Theda cried. She never went back to the hospital.

Remembering those days with great sadness, Riefenstahl admitted to a writer that "I wanted to make fairy tales, and look what happened"

On January 31, 1974, at the age of 62, Glenn Morris died ... a broken champion. Looking into his brother's eyes for the last time, he confessed his secret love for Leni Riefenstahl and said, "I wish I had never come home."



Glenn Morris crowned as Olympic decathlon champion, Berlin, 1936



"In his final drive to victory, Morris aroused the emotions of the crowd beyond anything any American has been able to do...."



THE INCOMPARABLE HOGARTH

by
J. C. Iversen



Burne Hogarth, Jack Iversen and Jock Mahoney at a private party in 1988.

A few days ago I received a call from my good friend George McWhorter, the editor of *THE BURROUGHS BULLETIN*, requesting me to write of my close, special relationship with Burne Hogarth, affectionately known as "Hogie" to all who knew him well.

I was very touched by this request for many reasons, one of which was the fact that this very same thing happened once before ... six years ago for my other "best friend," Jock O'Mahoney, who

had just passed away that December 15th, 1989.

On top of that, my article entitled "Jock Mahoney, A Personal Remembrance," appeared in the April 1990 issue of the *BULLETIN*, the same month that this article will be in, only six years later, April 1996 ... *deja vu*?

One of the reasons I mention this is the fact that Jocko, Burne and I were inseparable friends. We had the same odd-ball sense of humor, and we all admired, respected and enjoyed each other, and each others' interests immensely.

In spite of Hogarth's awesome artistic talents and numerous international credits and awards, he was the most unassuming and humble man that I have ever known, and unless you really pressed him at a social gathering, you would never know who he really was, at least, not from him.

As you probably already know, Hogarth earned and won countless international awards for his artistic and illustrative achievements, and his series of 'art instruction books' are considered by the majority of students and master illustrators around the world, as the *very best* there is. However, he was best known for his incomparable work on the Sunday "Tarzan" comic pages and his "Tarzan" books.

I asked my oldest son, Greg, who is an Animation Director for Warner Brothers/Spielberg Cartoons, to add a comment to this article because he also was very close to Burne, and he said:

"Burne Hogarth was a landmark artist. His work with the human figure was so thorough and detailed, that countless animation artists use his many books as their main reference to the myriad interlocking forms, and dynamic shapes that make up the human body.

"His manner of teaching was direct and uncompromising. Sitting in one of his drawing classes at Art Center School of Design, I saw how effortlessly he could lay down a few charcoal lines over a student's drawing, and strengthen it tremendously. When he started a drawing, a few bold lines of structure was what he laid down first. Within moments he had what was to become the final drawing, missing only the details he so loved to linger over.

"Hogarth loved Philosophy. My point of view, being somewhat Post-Modern, iconoclastic was grist for his mill. We could enter into a debate at a moment's notice, and carry on into the night (perhaps to the dismay of anyone else who happened to be around).

"His work was filled with the blood of life. Last year in a discussion about the current use of computers as artistic tools, Burne objected without apology. I believe that to Hogarth, these machines were just too cold and bloodless for him to consider as valid tools. I truly enjoyed, and will miss those very unique and inspiring debates."

What Greg said was absolutely true. I also checked with my old 'work-mates' at the Walt Disney Studio, and they all voiced the same thing. Hogarth's influence on the entire Animation World, when it comes to the human form, is indelible and astronomical.

Since he had won about every award that there is in his field, many times over, he found in my company, Viking International (our new major motion picture studio and entertainment project), other uncharted mountains to climb and vast visual and graphic vistas to explore, and he was in his glory. He threw himself and his talents into the project, and behind me a thousand percent, and once committed, he never wavered.

Just to capsulize: The land mass involved for acquisition grew from 5,000 to 16,280 acres over this period of time, and because of the magnitude of this project, we went through many false starts and flamboyant misrepresentations to us, and naturally, a myriad of disappointments.

Through all this, Hogie was always right there encouraging and inspiring me to keep going and expanding, and we all jokingly called him our "Guardian Angel" ... This was a real 'bonding,' to say the least.

Up to the day he left for Paris with his son Richard, to be the Guest of Honor at the Annual International Comic Art Festival, to again accept more accolades for excellence, he was making lists of things for us to do the moment he returned, and I will never forget our last parting.

His special brand of intellectual and creative input can never be replaced or duplicated, and it is safe to say that there will never be another like him.

In all this, I am told by his son that Hogie received a massive standing ovation from his fans and peers at the Art Festival. This has never been given to one man before, so in effect, Hogarth went out in a blaze of respect he so richly deserved ...

No illnesses, no hospitals, no suffering. Perhaps this was a blessing in disguise.

To say that he will be missed by all, is an understatement.

If I have been redundant in recounting the praises for Hogie, then I ask the reader to forgive me, but since he was such a highlight in my life, it was just automatic.

... J. C. Iversen

BURNE HOGARTH INTERVIEW

by
John Szuch



Burne Hogarth draws the "Tarzan" page, 1950

Recently, while digging through my old resurrected Burroughs files from the 1960s, I came across this mail interview I did with Hogarth. Reading it for the first time in 30 years, I was amazed at how profound some of his answers were. I made "Ye Editor" a copy of Hogarth's letter, thinking it would be fun to see it in print after all these years. I also thought Burne would get a kick out of reading his answers from so many years ago. Unfortunately, his untimely death prevents his reading it now.

However, I think that you, the readers, will be impressed

with Hogarth, "the man." I know I was.

... John Szuch

(Editor's Note: Hogarth drew a cartoon of himself on the bottom of John's letter, saying his contract forbade him drawing "Tarzan" for anybody except United Features Syndicate. We have set Hogarth's reply in type, since the original is a bit difficult to read.)



16 Oct. 61
1/Lt. John F. Szuch
5491-B Jamison St.
Ft. Knox, Ky.

FORT KNOX, KENTUCKY

Dear Mr. Hogarth,

I am a member of the "Burroughs Bibliophiles", an organization made up of collectors and fans of Edgar Rice Burroughs works. As a collector of Burroughs I receive several Bourroughs fanzines. I know some of the people who put out these fanzines, and they have asked me to do some stories for them. As a Result I have come up with the idea of doing a series of stories on the artists who have done the Tarzan comic strip. This is the purpose of this letter. I would very much appreciate it if you would answer the questions below. I would also like to mention that I will not receive any money for the story, and that the fanzines are not sold to make a profit but just to cover the cost of printing.

- 1) When did you start doing the Tarzan strip, and when did you quit?
- 2) How did you get the assignment?
- 3) What do you think of the character Tarzan?
- 4) Did you ever have any interesting experiences with the Tarzan strip?
- 5) Why did you quit doing the strip?
- 6) Give some biographical information about yourself.
- 7) What are you doing now?
- 8) Any other information which would be of interest to Tarzan fans.

If it is possible, could you please send me either a photo of yourself, or a special drawing of Tarzan? I would like to use them for my story.

I hope I haven't bored you with my letter, and that you will be kind enough to reply to it.



I remain, faithfully yours,

John F. Szuch
1/Lt. John F. Szuch

This is the only picture available. It is sent - my agreement forbids any use of it.

Oct. 31-61

Dear Mr. Szuch :

Sorry the pressure of my commitments makes this note appear too direct. My book deadlines are on me and I'm meeting a tight schedule. Let me plunge in right away in answer to your questions.

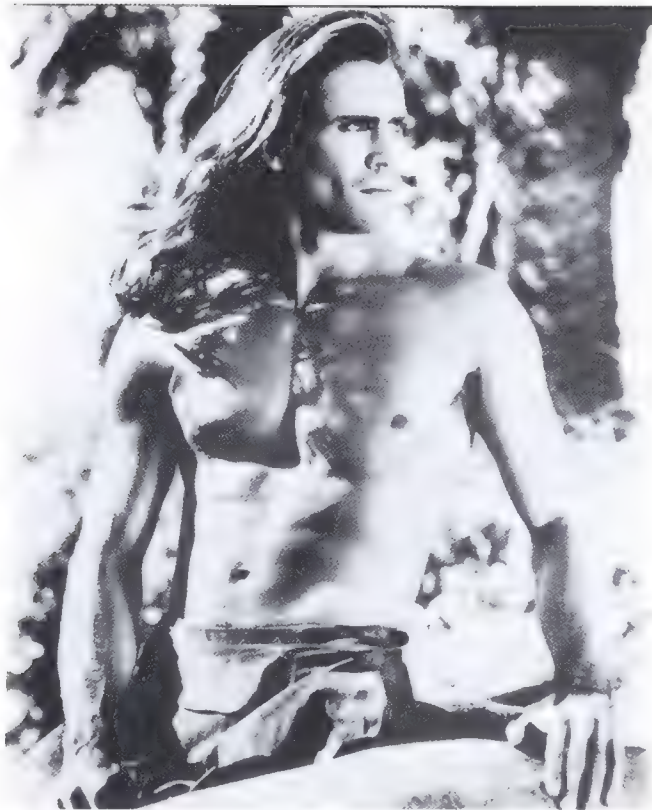
1. I started Tarzan sometime in April or May of 1936. I wound up for a spell of 2 years interim layover with a strip for Post-Hall Syndicate, 1946-1948, then resumed from 1948-1950.
2. Received the assignment after a competition between a number of artists. All submitted pages from a cold script, not yet published as art. Mine was adjudged as the closest interpretation to Foster's in conception of story line and style.

3. Tarzan as a character? A type of mythic personality in an epic form; he embodied some uniquely American ideal qualities in reliance on himself, ethical outlook, moral behavior, just and wise virtues; he was not only good in the typical or neighborly sense, but saw the value of right opinion and useful and decisive action; he embodied the highest, indeed the extreme, qualities of individualistic endeavor and democratic bent and behavior. He was right for his time ... a man depending solely on himself, in a world of fang and claw, educating himself (like Lincoln), fighting against odds with his bare hands, rising to full intelligence, maturity and respect. He loved and was loved ... what could be better ... a true family man, unalloyed in his simplicity ... like a good father, a good brother, a good neighbor, a good friend, a good man! I think the public saw and understood him this way. I think I did. This is what I think he embraced in the term "heroic" personality.
4. Experiences? Just a good job, enjoyable work, and deadlines like a perpetual albatross.
5. I quit because of renegotiation of contract ... terms and percentages and the like.
6. Born in Chicago, studied art, painting, etching, etc. Studied cartooning to be able to make a living. Hitchhiked during the Depression; shined shoes, sold newspapers, drove a truck, worked in factories, department stores, odd jobs, freelance art, studios; did everything in art ... ads, lettering, design, illustration, books, mags, wrote radio scripts (even acted) ... painted pictures, sold etchings. Started studio work when 15 years old; by 25 I was a seasoned, not to say a salty veteran. First feature at 18 yrs. Never out of it ... always oil at midnight and stale overheated coffee. Sounds like ulcers? No!
7. Teaching at School of Visual Arts, New York; painting, illustrating, writing magazine articles and books. Get my recent book on DYNAMIC ANATOMY ... that will tell you more. (Watson-Guptill, Inc., New York, 111 Fourth Avenue). It also has a picture of me ... the only recent snapshot of me in years! There it is. I hope it helps your interest and your fan club.



THREE DAYS IN PELLUCIDAR

by
Phil Petras



Joe Lara's triumphant return as Tarzan

Beginning my fortieth year as an Edgar Rice Burroughs—Tarzan fan and collector could have been celebrated no better than to have spent three days in Pellucidar with Tarzan, Mugambi, Jana, the Mahars and a gigantic man-eating snake, all made possible by the magic going on at Disney-MGM Studios in Orlando, Florida on the set of "Tarzan, The Epic Adventures."

My behind-the-scenes look at some of the Earth's Core sequences on the closed set was made possible by Linda Nolan and Laura Barton of STI Productions who, along with the Keller Entertainment Group and SeaGull Entertainment, are bringing us an all new hour-long Tarzan TV series for the Fall of 1996.

From the moment I walked onto the set and began meeting and talking with the production team, I knew this was going to be something special. The shooting schedule those three days consisted of very long, hot, exhausting hours and some wild stunts, in-

cluding Tarzan and Mugambi battling the Mahars, Jana's near death fall into the river of lava, and Tarzan trapped in the jaws of a giant snake.

All of the behind-the-scenes preparations were most interesting, the camera angles, the props, lighting, wind, smoke, fire; all these movie tricks added touches of atmosphere and set the mood for the actors and action. Viewing the monitor near director Brian Yuzna was like watching each scene through the eye of the camera.

As the hours moved on, I was very pleased and impressed to see how director, producers, writer, cast and crew worked to perfect each scene. The days must have seemed endless for all involved, but their enthusiasm and concern for detail contained in the script and storyboards soon came to life, giving me a sense of being part of a very unique Tarzan project.

Many members of the production staff expressed to me their interest in Edgar Rice Burroughs and his creations, especially Tarzan and John Carter. I heard descriptions such as:

"What a wild, vivid imagination Burroughs had." "These are timeless characters he created." "I wish we could actually show the stark realism and savagery that Burroughs describes."

Under the guidelines and restrictions of a family oriented TV show they could not bring to the screen the naked savages, the blood-stained knife, the scarred body, the tearing of the enemy's jugular, the more violent and savage side of Tarzan. As important as these specifics may be to a longtime Burroughs fan, there is a broader issue of demographics at work here. For any TV show to be a success these days, it must appeal to the all-important 18 to 39 age group, as well as to a younger audience that will become the next generation of Burroughs-Tarzan fandom.

To me, no one was more in tune to bridging the gap between old and new fans than Tarzan himself ... Joe Lara. This was evident from the first question I asked him: "Why was Tarzan carrying his knife inside his boot rather than in a sheath around his waist?" Though a minor point to some, I could see the frustration on his face and hear a touch of anger in his voice as he explained that in the future he would see to it that Tarzan was portrayed as authentically as possible. He has been letting his opinions be known from the start, for when Joe Lara talks about Tarzan he can't help but let his strong feelings for the character show.

He is thankful to be playing one of his favorite childhood heroes and very happy to be part of this production because it is giving him the chance to portray Tarzan much closer to the vision of Burroughs, an opportunity he was not given during his first stint as Tarzan in 1989's "Tarzan in Manhattan."

I have had the privilege of talking with many of the former movie Tarzans like Johnny Weissmuller, Herman Brix, Gordon Scott and Jock Mahoney. Each of these actors brought

-TARZAN-

THE EPIC ADVENTURES

THE 2 HOUR PREMIER MOVIE

The year is 1912. TARZAN the Ape Man is in Paris with his good friend PAUL D'ARNOT. After years of study in England and America Tarzan has renounced his claim to the vast Greystoke estate. He has also left behind his true love, the beautiful JANE PORTER. Tarzan knows that his real life is in the wild; and it is a life Jane could never share. More than that, Tarzan has had enough of the ways of Man - their greed and corruption.

Tarzan is reminded of this duplicity at the Grand Casino. Tarzan saves a French diplomat, the COUNT deCOUDE, from a clever blackmail plot being orchestrated by a sinister Russian, ROKOFF. He further infuriates Rokoff by defeating his attempt to abduct the Count's beautiful daughter. After a furious rooftop chase Rokoff becomes Tarzan's sworn enemy.

The Count thanks Tarzan by offering him a dangerous assignment - to rescue an African Prince who is leasing his land to a French mining operation. This mine had unearthed a remarkable discovery, and the Prince was en route to Paris to report on it when he was captured by the wicked SULTAN AL-IDRISI. The Count feels that only a man of Tarzan's ability can save him. Tarzan welcomes this mission. He is returning to Africa.

Tarzan joins a caravan crossing the desert. The Sultan's men attack and Tarzan allows himself to be captured. He is brought into the Sultan's Forbidden City and put to auction as a slave. He is bought by SHAMIR, a beautiful dancer in the Sultan's Harem. She is a friend of the captured Prince and with her help they plot an escape. His plan is upset when Tarzan is recognized by the Sultan's new guest - Rokoff! After a desperate fight with the Sultan's Guards Tarzan escapes with Shamir and the Prince.

As they head for the Prince's home he tells of what happened at the mine. They were using a new drilling vehicle which took miners deeper than ever before. They found huge diamonds, but an earthquake opened a fissure and a strange red mist began to escape. People began to disappear. Wildlife ran off. Even the weather began to change. The entire ecosystem is threatened!

Tarzan and the Prince ride the vehicle to the bottom of the shaft. Bizarre creatures suddenly emerge from the fissure. As Tarzan battles them an even worse menace appears - Rokoff. Rokoff has plotted all along to get control of the mine and its gemstones. Another earthquake strikes. The vehicle plunges deeper and deeper into the open fissure.

Tarzan and his new arch-enemy suddenly find themselves in a fantastic world - Pellucidar - a strange land which exists inside the earth's crust. It is a world facing inward just as ours faces out, populated by warring tribes and hideous monsters. Tarzan has a new mission - to save the earth from this red mist and to bring himself back from the Earth's Core.

something unique to the persona of the screen Tarzan. I believe Joe will follow in their footsteps, bringing us the action-heroics of Johnny Weissmuller and the quiet dignity of Herman Brix who gave us an intelligent Lord Greystoke during the "Me Tarzan, you Jane" era.

Gordon Scott battled with producers for his own vision of the ape-man which led to two of the best Tarzan films ever, "Tarzan's Greatest Adventure" and "Tarzan the Magnificent." During Jock Mahoney's 1963 entry, "Tarzan's Three Challenges," when threatened by his powerful enemy (played by Woody Strode), Mahoney's Tarzan remained unaffected, expressionless except for a small smile at the corner of his mouth. And while thousands knelt before their newly appointed ruler, only one remained standing ... Tarzan.

THE EPISODES

The following are some of the storylines that one can expect to see in the first season of the *TARZAN* series.

TARZAN AND THE LOST LEGION

Tarzan's search for a lost missionary takes him to an isolated valley where he encounters a remnant of the Roman Empire. One of Julius Caesar's Legions was lost during his Egyptian campaign and founded a city in the jungle. They still believe Rome rules the world. Tarzan must literally save the Christians from the lions in a deadly Roman Circus.

TARZAN AND THE ANT MEN

Tarzan and a beautiful aviatrix crash her bi-plane into the previously impenetrable Great Thorn Forest. They discover a tribe of primitive, feral men - the ALALI - whose stunningly beautiful women regard all men as less than slaves. Tarzan escapes with the help of the Ant-Men, a miniature race of people who have developed a strangely advanced science. To save the aviatrix Tarzan must help the Ant-Men recover a powerful elixir from the brutal Alali.

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN

A friendly tribe is being decimated by attacks from the ferocious, steel-clawed Leopard Men. Their young women are being carried off as victims for savage rites. Tarzan and D'Amot lead an assault against the Leopard Men's citadel - but the assault fails when Tarzan falls under the demon spell of the wicked and beautiful Leopard Queen.

THE LOST CITY OF OPAR

An American adventurer searching for the world's largest gem, "The Father of Diamonds," has disappeared in the cruel Sultan Al-Idrisi's Forbidden City. Tarzan returns to Opar to rescue the adventurer at the behest of his lovely sister. The adventurer is not to be found; nor is the diamond. Instead they discover a giant crystal which unlocks the passage to an ancient city hidden beneath the Sultan's fortress. It is the legendary City of Shambala, a land of perfect harmony which stands as a buffer to the portals of time. Tarzan must travel through time to find the adventurer. Meanwhile he must protect the gentle people of Shambala from the incursions of the wicked Sultan.

SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR

Tarzan is approached by a lovely and gentle Russian woman named Natasha. She gives Tarzan a singular mission - to return to the Earth's Core and rescue his arch enemy Rokoff. Natasha is Rokoff's sister and he has arranged for her to travel to him - for her own self-preservation. Rokoff has manipulated his way into the control of one of Pellucidar's most vicious tribes. More than that, he has concocted a plan to destroy all life on the surface of the earth through a series of powerful earthquakes. Natasha knows her brother must be stopped; but she makes Tarzan promise that he will not harm his enemy - merely return him the surface. Tarzan accepts the mission - one of the most difficult of his life.

TARZAN IN THE LAND TIME FORGOT

Tarzan sets off in a hot air balloon to help a lovely European photographer find aerial shots of wildlife. He is upset when several of her friends come along - hunters who are anxious to slaughter indiscriminately the animals Tarzan loves. The balloon goes awry and they are swept across the Great mountains. They land in a forgotten valley and discover a world of dinosaurs and prehistoric beasts. The predators become the prey in this dangerous land, and Tarzan must call upon his animal friends to save the same hunters who were slaughtering them.

To Burroughs-Tarzan fans these are very recognizable incidents of the "real" Tarzan appearing on screen, due mainly to the efforts of these actors and their understanding of the role. Aside from having the classic features, good looks and physique to play Tarzan, Joe Lara has the same understanding of the multi-dimensional hero of Burroughs.

Joe is putting his heart and sweat into this production. He arrives on the set early, rehearses, does take after take, scene after scene, and while everyone else breaks for lunch there's lots of extra work for Joe. No naps for Tarzan. I watched as he was interviewed by the documentary team from A&E cable network's "Biography," and then did some narration for "The Making of the Tarzan The Epic Adventure Special." In between these assignments he posed for publicity photos, talked with fans and reporters, and remained on the set studying the script as he ate a quick meal. He also spent time in the weight room before going back in front of the cameras.

By late evening of my third day on the set, I was exhausted from just observing the hectic filming schedule. Before I had to leave, Joe took more time to talk with me, shake hands, and invite me back to the set when the series goes into production. Then, with

the stamina of Tarzan he returned to do battle once again with the monstrous snake. I was told that there were still several more hours of shooting left before completion of the two-hour movie that will launch the TV series.

The filming will continue at the state-of-the-art Disney/MGM studios, utilizing existing interior and exterior sets, costumes in the backlots of Walt Disney World and the international locations at Epcot.

The movie is filled with many familiar names: Rokoff - Andrew Divoff; Mora, Queen of the Mahars - Cory Everson; Collette - Lydie Denier; Jana - Linda Hoffman; Mugambi - Ralph Wilcox; D'Arnot - Dennis Christopher; Count de Coude - Jean Paul Vignon.

The year is 1912; Tarzan is in Paris with his friend Paul D'Arnot. After years of study in England and America, Tarzan has renounced his claim to the vast Greystoke estate and has left behind his true love, Jane Porter.

Tarzan saves a French diplomat, the Count de Coude, from a blackmail plot orchestrated by Rokoff, then saves the Count's daughter from a kidnapping attempt. A grateful Count offers Tarzan a dangerous mission to rescue an African prince captured by the wicked Sultan Al-Isdrisi.

Tarzan welcomes this assignment because he is returning to Africa. After capture and a desperate escape, Tarzan is told of a discovery on the prince's land made by a French mining operation. While using a new drilling vehicle which takes miners deeper than ever before, huge diamonds are found, an earthquake opens a fissure, strange mist escapes, people disappear, weather begins to change, and the entire ecosystem is threatened. Tarzan and the prince ride the machine to the bottom of the shaft, where they encounter bizarre creatures and an even worse menace ... Rokoff. Another earthquake plunges Tarzan deeper and deeper into the fissure until he finds himself in Pellucidar.

I was told that although the series will not follow complete story lines of the books, many of the characters, events and exotic creatures within the fantastic worlds of Edgar Rice Burroughs will be used in future episodes. Some of the titles include: *Tarzan and the Lost Legion*, *Tarzan and the Ant Men*, *Tarzan and the Leopard Men*; *Lost City of Opar*; *Tarzan in the Land that Time Forgot*.

I hope the efforts of Joe Lara and all concerned will lead to a very exciting action-adventure series that will appeal to the most discriminating Tarzan fan. For this one, my three days in Pellucidar were very encouraging. All signs point to the new "Tarzan: The Epic Adventures" series becoming a welcome addition to the long list of screen adaptations.

Along with new merchandising from FPG, Trendmasters and others, this series will be instrumental in bringing the Tarzan legend into the nineties and introducing him to a whole new generation, hopefully leading them to discover the writings of the master storyteller ... Edgar Rice Burroughs.

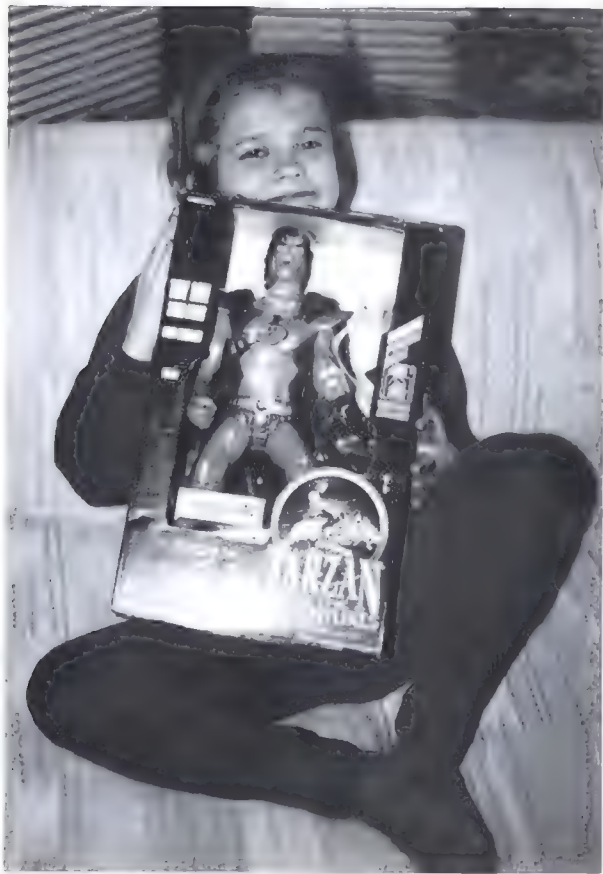


... Phil Petras

Joe Lara and silent partners in the new pilot film, opening October, 1996

THE TOY SCENE

by
Harry Thiel



Author's daughter, Krystal, holds giant-sized Talking Tarzan

swords, cloaks, armor, etc. The Mars series has TARS TARKAS, TARZAN OF MARS, and NOLACH THE KALDANE. The Earth's Core series has a HORIB and DINO ARMORED TARZAN. The Jungle Series contains NUMA THE GOLDEN LION, HUNTER TARZAN and CITY OF GOLD TARZAN. All figures are jointed so are fully posable. They are priced at about eight dollars.

Now we come to the two-in-one packs. For the nine dollar price they might be the best value of all. Most of these have jointed arms only, so are not as posable. They come in these flavors: HARBENITE TARZAN vs. THE MAHAR, JOHN CARTER vs. O MAD ZAD, TARZAN OF MARS vs. THE PLANTMAN, DEJAH THORIS vs. NOLACH THE KALDANE, and JUNGLE KING TARZAN vs. THE LEOPARD MAN.

Last, but not least, come the bendies. As far as most bendable toys go, these are first class. I have seen two different Tarzans, a Horib, a Plantman, and Tars tarkas. These are larger than the two-in-one toys and also are equipped with weapons. All of these toys can be found at TOYS R US, K-Mart, Wal Mart and Target. I should mention that all but the motion-activated figures come with an appropriate colored badge signifying what series they represent: blue is Earth's Core, red for Mars and gold for Jungle.

All in all, I think that most Edgar Rice Burroughs collectors will be pleased to find such a windfall of new collectibles. I am especially pleased that the Pellucidar and Mars series have been represented, and the figures remain mostly faithful to the books.

Trendmasters, Inc. of St. Louis, MO has just released a set of Tarzan toys to make us all proud. Never in my lifetime have I witnessed so much Tarzan memorabilia being available to the collector. They have grouped the toys into three series: the Jungle series, the Mars series, and Earth's Core series. I divided them into six different types of toys.

The most impressive and most expensive are the FX Motion Activated figures. At about twenty-five bucks apiece they are prices, even for the adult collector. Standing 15½ inches tall, they would be impressive even without the sound capabilities. Fortunately for the completist, only three have been produced. TARZAN THE JUNGLE KING and TARZAN AND THE CITY OF GOLD figures both give a Johnny Weissmuller yell and say "Umgahwah." The KERCHAK figure roars like Godzilla and his eyes light up red. All also come with a computer disk.

Next come the Realistic Sound Figures. They also come with the Tarzan Power Disk for your computer. These figures make sounds when a button is pressed. The two different TARZAN figures make the Tarzan yell, and one comes with a Cheetah companion, the HORIB growls, and TARS TARKAS hisses. These are about ten dollars.

By far the most produced are what I call the regular type action figures. Each of these contains the usual accessories like

TARZAN: THE EPIC ADVENTURES A LOOK AT THE NEW ACTION FIGURES

by
Harold R. Peters



I don't buy toys. That is, usually. For some godawful reason, I made an exception for the new TARZAN: THE EPIC ADVENTURES action figures by Trendmasters, Inc. of St. Louis. It's not that they're the most brilliant set of ERB toys ever released, although handsome, despite their errors and/or shortcomings. When it comes right down to it, the reason I bought them is simply because they're so neat.

CHARACTERS AND SETS ARE: Kerchak, City of Gold Tarzan, Jungle King Tarzan, Numa, Tarzan Lord of the Jungle, Leopard Man, John Carter, Plantman, Tars Tarkas, Kaldane, Horib, Harbenite Armored Tarzan, Mahar, Jungle Airship, Martian Flier, AND THE FOLLOWING MICRO SETS: Tarzan Valley of Bantoom, Treasure of the Lost City, and Temple of the Mahar.

They come in (count 'em!) no less than five forms and one three-part series of Micro Action Playsets. (1) The largest figures (\$22.95 at Walmart) are giant 12" talking dolls (not seen so not reviewed here). (2) The special,

singly-sold sets of 6" to 8" jointed figures with "Realistic Sounds" (example: press the chest button of TARZAN THE WARRIOR for the Weissmuller yell), equipment (weapons and/or detachable armor) or, sometimes associated with animals, and the "Bonus Power Disk" or "Computer Adventure," a 3.5" floppy for Windows (Mac version available by mail for \$2), one containing the bare bones of Tarzan's origins, another an adaptation of TARZAN AT THE EARTH'S CORE, and one more I haven't seen yet, beautiful graphics, and various sound effects (\$8.93 at Walmart, roughly \$1 more at Toys "R" Us). (3) Somewhat less expensive (\$6.99 at Toys "R" Us) are the jointed figure single-packs (with weapons and sometimes detachable armor or related animals) which are identical to the Sound Sets, except they contain soundless figures and lack the computer diskette. (4) The double packs, somewhat smaller (measuring 3 3/4" to 6") are jointed, slightly more expensive (\$7.96 at Walmart and \$8.99 at Toys "R" Us). (5) The least expensive of all the figures are the wire-cored, non-jointed figures (\$2.96 at Walmart and

\$3.99 at Super-K-Mart) which include the more standardized weaponry (usually one sword) and the non-removable armor, which are almost uniformly 4¾" high.

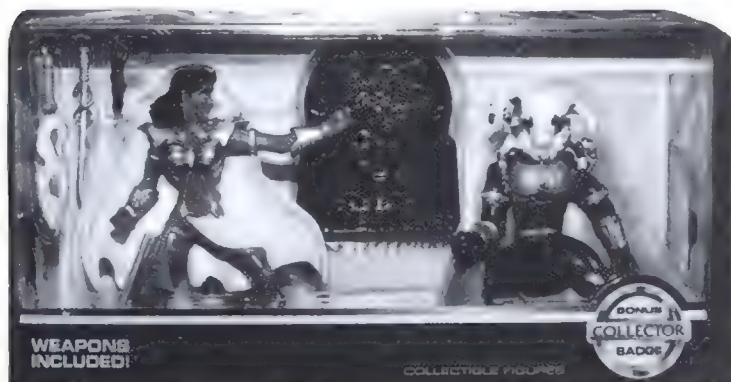
The Micro Playsets suffer from being so terribly "micro," especially in the lack of detail. Nevertheless, they are rather clever. Folded shut, with all the pieces within, they measure 5" high and 4½" high at the base, are roughly triangular; when opened, the base is about 5½" in length. The soft plastic "humanoid" figures are roughly 1" high, with figures such as Tantor and a banth, somewhat larger. The fixtures are, um, imaginative. In *TREASURE OF THE LOST CITY*, the location is not specified, but as there are Leopard Men involved, the conclusion is obvious. Snap-on pieces include a stone archway with a "loose stone" ... a swinging skull which (when an earring is properly maneuvered) drops, an altar whose lid pivots to reveal treasure and underneath a hidden passage, a dungeon door that lifts for access, and a skull which pulls aside to reveal a trap door. Also of interest is a button which, when pushed, causes spikes to spring out of the base of the throne. The *TEMPLE OF THE MAHAR* playset features a pull-down sacrificial pillar which launches a Mahar into the air, a spider which (when pulled) activates a trap door in the temple, and a push button that explodes the bridge when activated. Finally, *VALLEY OF BANTOOM* has an aircar with dangling rope ladder and spring-loaded missile, a lift knob that raises the tower door, and the gate of the prison lifts for access.



Giant talking Kerchak

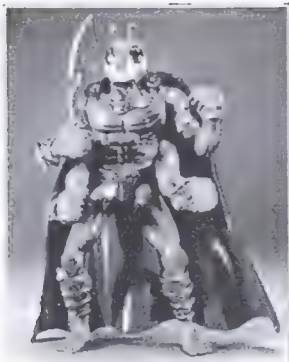
I haven't yet been able to find either *JUNGLE AIRSHIP* or *MARTIAN FLYER*, so, needless to say, I can hardly report on those. If, however, they're commensurate with the quality of the rest of the series, I have reason to believe they'll be worth acquiring for your collection.

Also included in every package is a clip-on "Bonus Collector's Badge" with the *TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION* pictorial and the *TARZAN THE EPIC ADVENTURES* logo.



Twin-pack Dejah Thoris and Kaldane

The depiction of some of the figures is, not to mince words, wrong. The Mahar from the double pack has little resemblance to rhamphoryncus-like creatures described in the Pellucidar books. It has a skull crust, a blunt muzzle with tusks protruding from either side of its mouth, rudimentary wings which would never (by any



TARS TARKAS™

conceivable stretch of the imagination) support the creature in flight, and a stubby pointed tail, rather than the long affair with the "triangular" tip described in both the books and paleontological treatises, and when skinned would never (as described in *AT THE EARTH'S CORE*) fit on escaping slaves. The tiny Mahar figure is much closer to the description. The Thipdar in the microset is nearly indistinguishable from the larger Mahar, not at all like the pterodactyl it should resemble. The Horibs seem rather larger than described in the books. They have stubby spinal spikes and bear armor, and sport a cape. While rather well executed, they little resemble small T Rex as in *TARZAN AT THE EARTH'S CORE*. For the most part, the Kaldanes are well done, with the only gripes being the rykor body color (purple) and the fact that the Kaldanes themselves have much more pronounced tentacles than in the books. Despite this nitpicking, the general run of these figures is extremely well done and worth buying.

There are some larger figures missing which would have been nice. David Innes, Dian the Beautiful, Abner Perry and Ghak the Hairy One are noticeably absent from the Inner World series. Cheeta appears, but Nkima is non-existent. Kantos Kan, Woola, thoats, the Holy Therns, and the Great White Apes of Barsoom are sorely missed from the Martian set.

So, there you have it. I can't confirm that every title is available in every category, but until I see or hear differently, I'm going to keep on looking for them. If the upcoming syndicated series lives up to its merchandising (even though the Martian settings and characters are off-limits because of the Disney contract), I daresay it'll be well worth not only watching, but recording for posterity as well.

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TARZAN®
EARTH'S CORE PLAYSET



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CITY OF GOLD
ARMOR TARZAN®



PLANTMAN "bendy"

INTERVIEW WITH BRET BLEVINS NEW ERB ARTIST AT DARK HORSE

by
Ken Webber



Self-caricature by Bret Blevins, 1996

where I met Patricia Lara, my childhood sweetheart (and future wife) almost immediately. We finished school together and married in 1981. We now have two delightful children ... Timmy, age six, and Katy, who is two.

KEN: How did you come to do "Tarzan, John Carter: Warlords of Mars" for Dark Horse?

BRET: I was in contact with Dark Horse from the moment I knew they were pursuing the Burroughs license, several years back now. I'd sent along some sketches, mostly of Mars material. When everything became a "go," Peet Janes called me and offered me a crack at the John Carter/Tarzan project. I suggested they contact Bruce Jones who was currently doing some *Star Wars* work for them (some of which I ended up illustrating), because I knew he loved Burroughs and would give his eye teeth to write the story. I've known Bruce since the Pacific Comics days, and he came through with a fabulous script that was a joy to draw.

KEN: Who is Simon Revelstroke, the co-author?

BRET: I don't know who that is, but I suspect it's a fictional name and some kind of inside joke.

KEN: Give us some biographical background.

BRET: I was born August 13, 1960 in Elgin, Illinois. Raised in rural Georgia, moved to Las Vegas Nevada at age 12,

KEN: How did you learn to draw, and how did you decide upon that as a career?

BRET: I loved drawing as a kid. It was always fun and I was the one who drew the holiday and school pageant stuff to decorate the walls and such. I never took ART, *per se*, seriously though, until I realized I was going to have to get a job someday. My original ambition at the time was to become a secret agent, *a la* James Bond. It quickly became apparent, however, that even if I could endure the training necessary for spy-work, the chances were mighty slim of spending all my time cavorting with beautiful exotic women and dispatching ghastly villains while John Barry music swirled around me. So that idea lost its glamour and I became serious about drawing. I'm self-taught, though I wish that wasn't the case. Circumstances assigned me to the local library for my Art education. In that wonderfully free-form classroom, I became obsessed with the old illustrators ... Howard Pyle, Charles Dana Gibson, N.C. Wyeth, and many others. Around this time I discovered the wave of "throwback" artists working in comics ... Jeff Jones, Wrightson, Kaluta, and they drew me into the comic book world by reflecting the older work I had already fallen in love with. Up to that point, my favorite comic material was mainly "Bigfoot" humor ... Barks and other Disney characters, Dennis the Menace, etc. But now I was drawn to the

field in a new way and with a renewed interest. I've taken a class in life-drawing, and when I shared a studio with Al Williamson there was a semi-regular life drawing group consisting of local artists. We'd hire a model and meet once a week. Over the years I've repeatedly taken jobs I had no empathy with just for the challenge of having to adapt to the material and hopefully learn new things. I've generally approached my career as an opportunity to get paid for going to school! (Something I wouldn't recommend with hindsight, by the way. There are more productive and less stressful means to that end.) As I delved deeper into comics, my main influences became Foster and Noel Sickles, along with Caniff and Roy Crane ... the Masters! Crane was able flawlessly to combine wild humor with realistic intensity ... beautiful work!

KEN: When did you begin working as a pro?

BRET: My first job with a deadline was the DARK CRYSTAL movie adaptation for Marvel. I worked long distance via mail for a year or so, but found it very frustrating, and in short order Patricia and I moved to Connecticut. I specifically headed there to strike up an acquaintance with Walt and Roger Reed's ILLUSTRATION HOUSE gallery, and learned a lot from them and the endless originals they handled.

KEN: You mentioned working with Al Williamson. How did that come about?

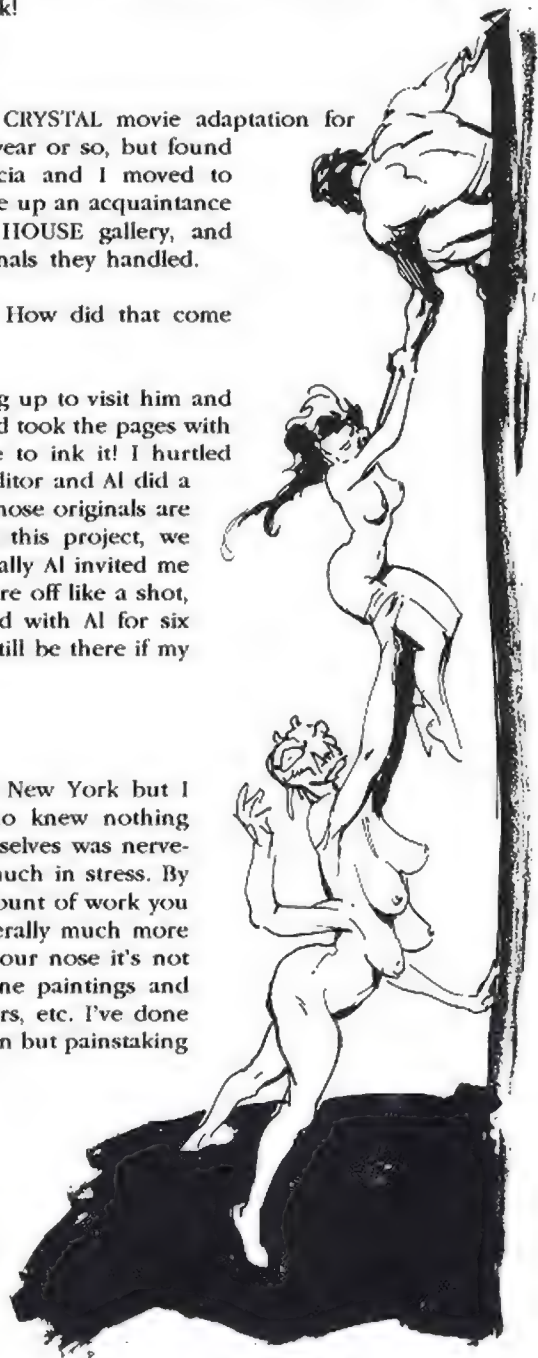
BRET: I met Al though a mutual friend who was going up to visit him and took me along. I was pencilling HULK #310 and took the pages with me. Al surprised me by saying he would love to ink it! I hurtled back to New York to square things with the editor and Al did a gorgeous job on it ... mostly brushwork, and those originals are some of my most prized possessions. During this project, we were on the phone a lot, really hit it off, and finally Al invited me to share the studio with him. My wife and I were off like a shot, glad to be away from urban tension. I worked with Al for six years, learned much and had a great time. I'd still be there if my heart didn't belong to the West!

KEN: Besides comic art, what else have you done?

BRET: I did some advertising work when I first hit New York but I hated it. Working to please a committee who knew nothing about artwork and couldn't agree among themselves was nerve-racking. The money was great but cost too much in stress. By comparison, the drawback to comics is the amount of work you have to turn out to make a living, but it's generally much more fun work. If you don't mind a grindstone in your nose it's not as daunting as most commercial jobs. I've done paintings and illustrations for gaming magazines, comic covers, etc. I've done some sculpting for holograms as well ... great fun but painstaking because it has to be done actual size ... and painted!

KEN: And other comics?

BRET: I've done thousands of pages over the years ... the BOZZ CHRONICLES, SOLOMON KANE, NEW MUTANTS, SLEEPWALKER, NIGHTBREED, BATMAN, STAR WARS, etc. I just finished a BETTY PAGE story, and in addition to the



Burroughs material I'm working on some STARMAN stories with James Robinson. Unfortunately, I wasn't able to do all the issues of Tarzan/John Carter ... Ricardo Villigran is doing #3. I've made an offer to draw #3 for free in time for next year's reprint collection ... we'll see what happens.

KEN: Talk a little about the tools that work best for you.

BRET: For pencilling I prefer soft leads, 6B to 9B. Their rich touch lends itself to my organic approach. I tend to work in big, impressionistic shapes and then refine. If used lightly, they are easier to erase as well. I'm constantly trying to simplify my inking, and am currently limiting myself to Gillotte 303s and a nice #3 German brush. Regarding color ... I did all four of the Tarzan/Mars covers with various kinds of watercolors ranging from colored inks through gouache and colored pencils that bleed when the strokes are wetted.

KEN: Since we are being a bit practical at the moment, is there any advice you would give to newcomers wanting to enter the comic field?

BRET: They should decide if they really love to tell stories and solve drawing problems. This is not a lazy person's job. It's a lot of hard work and you must have a passion for it beyond the aspect of earning money, if you want to keep growing. You never really learn the ropes. It's an endless procedure of climbing a hill only to see a higher one beyond. It's not easy but it's the only way to evolve as an artist.

KEN: That kind of thinking flies in the face of the comic field at the moment, doesn't it?

BRET: Unfortunately, it's so. The past several years have been great for comic professionals in terms of money ... I'm certainly thankful for that ... but the most popular material driving the swell of success has been too narrow in craft and content. Reducing standards to amateur levels is bound to cause a collapse eventually. Work that has no depth, resonance or variety is too easily imitated and the effect is quickly diluted ... soon the market moves elsewhere. Also the appetite for small fame has attracted a horde of hopefuls into the field who have no interest in the aesthetics of the medium, its history or potential. It's about celebrity, money and more money to this crowd. Hopefully the recent crash will weed out those that don't love to learn and create for its own sake. As Howard Pyle told his students: "Always get money for your work, but never work for money."

KEN: By way of getting back to the project you've been working on, when did you first discover Burroughs, and what did that influence do for you?

BRET: A lot of my initial burning interest in illustrating flourished when I discovered Burroughs via those Ace paperbacks with the wonderful Frazetta and Krenkel covers. Those novels developed my appetite for lurid, high adventure "pulp" material and I started filling sketchbooks with scenes from them. In fact, the illustrating of a running Thark under the credits in the first Tarz/Mars issue is an old sketch I did circa 1975! I was shocked to see it in print. I remember enjoying the single novels or limited series especially—the occasional padding evident in the long-running series didn't hamper these stories. *The Cave Girl*, *Beyond Thirty*, the Moon trilogy, *The Monster Men*, and a particular favorite, *The Mucker*, which covers almost every genre. Perhaps Dark Horse can find some way to present these "neglected" ideas and characters. There is such a wealth of wonderful imagery there begging to be illustrated. I'd love to execute commissions of scenes from these or other books if anyone out there is interested.

KEN: We'll include your address at the end of this interview for those who would like to discuss a commissioned piece with you. As an aficionado, what are your feelings about Dark Horse's approach to doing Burroughs?

BRET: I think their decision to keep the characters firmly rooted in the pulp era is the only way to go. These characters emanated from that time in history and it's pointless to transplant them to the present. They belong to a more glamorous time in popular culture, and modernizing them is usually no more than a marketing ploy to trade on a recognized name. Tarzan doesn't belong on a motorcycle, wearing designer leather and firing a machine gun from behind cool shades. That's not what his character is about. If you want to do that, then do a new character. So much of the charm and appeal of the entire concept in these cases is inseparable from the whole environment. A great deal of this wonderful fantasy can't stand the light of present-day knowledge — one pass of a satellite would reveal all of Tarzan's lost civilizations, prehistoric valleys, etc. so why bother trying to explain everything, or worse, change his world to fit current facts? Leave him and his brethren where they belong.

KEN: What special problems, insights, or drawing nuances did this assignment present to you?

BRET: Well, one thing is that I have never seen a Thark illustrated to my satisfaction. Most versions appear to be an ordinary human figure with an extra torso roughly jammed on top. As much as I love Reed Crandall's work, for instance, his tharks didn't look *natural*—as if they could move with any speed or grace. Frazetta gave them goofy puppet heads, and so on. Also, they've always been drawn too small! It seems to me they need an almost reptilian flexibility in the spine in order to move effectively—and the lighter Martian gravity suggests an attenuated, thinner body structure. Nature doesn't fuss with poor design and any creature, no matter how outlandish, must appear *feasible*. Those middle arms should be integrated into a natural body rhythm and be *used*. Body language is your key weapon to "act" with when portraying a character's psychological state, feelings and thoughts. You must invest a lot of effort into depicting this element because you don't have real movement, sound or voice to give life to your cast. The gestures and balance of these unique creations of Burroughs are visually fantastic and I loved making them whirl, jump, dodge, thrust, etc. in all the action scenes.

KEN: Since you are a student of artists I'd like to have your comments upon some of your fellow Burroughs artists.

BRET: I'll start with Jesse Marsh—vastly underrated. Many people dismiss his work because of its total absence of flair—he had no dazzle or flash, but I love his beautiful, simple and bold staging. Jesse's animals quietly shown with dignity and intelligence, especially those that interacted with Tarzan. I have to admit I didn't care for his pseudo cubist/Picasso-ish designs and architecture in his Mars books, but nobody's perfect!

KEN: How about Hogarth, Foster, Buscema, Kubert and Manning?

BRET: I'm afraid I've never cared for Hogarth's work. Technically he's a wizard, but I find his conception and *acting* contrived and unconvincing. I never *believe* his pictures—they seem to be drawings as opposed to living scenes. Foster, on the other hand, is *THE MAN*. Nobody's ever touched him—he's the best! He animated every element flawlessly — drew beautiful animals — and Tarzan glowed with nobility in every panel Foster drew. I consider his work on Tarzan to be the realistic adventure comic art *Bible*. (With some New Testament work by Sickles.) Kubert is closest to Foster in capturing a pleasing essence of the character — blending both his animal/human dimensions — and Joe's are much better reading. That Foster was able to so transcend the drivel he was given to illustrate is an amazing testimony to his brilliance. Buscema is an unfortunate case — he is so gifted, but his lackluster attitude keeps him from realizing his potential, and I found his Tarzan work a disappointing half-effort. I love Manning's work with one quibble (though in fact it's part of his charm) — the pristine neatness of everything he drew. His jungle is without insects or oppressive heat or even untidy animal fur! Manning captured Tarzan's nobility always, and gave us the best translation of the novels and the *spirit* of

Burroughs, I think. In this sense Manning is at the opposite end of the spectrum from Frazetta, who did a mesmerizing job of capturing the animal side of Tarzan, but is incapable of conveying nobility in his work. In his brutish world everybody is ready to tear your head off at any moment. I love many of his drawings, especially those involving animals, but he never captured Tarzan for me because his Tarzan didn't *think* — he was all ape. Looking over the various artists and what they have to offer, many interpretations seem incomplete in different ways. A common mistake I see in many recent portrayals is an ugly exaggeration of bulk — in the work of Boris Vallejo and Jusko you have rendered photographs of weight-lifters, guys on controlled diets, bulked up and posing. A total misfire to my eyes, completely without *spirit*. All this relates back to the learning process we touched on earlier — part of the creative urge is rooted in the desire to put down a translation of the pictures in *your* imagination — the work of others will influence you in countless ways, but in the end you want to congeal everything into an expression of your *vision*.

KEN: I appreciate your honest insights. It doesn't sound like it is easy to be an artist.

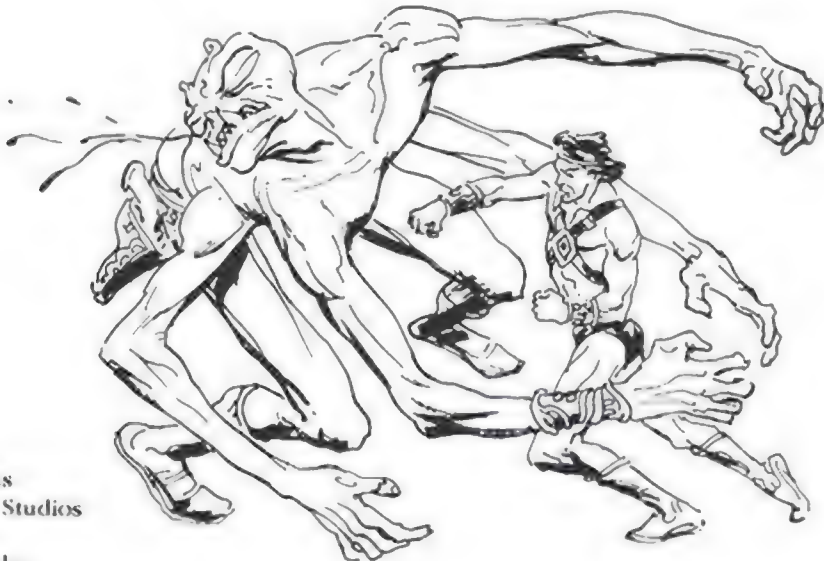
BRET: Being a dedicated storytelling artist is a hard taskmaster but I love it. Not having time to do the job properly seems to be the only real constant negative. Alex Toth said it well by observing that it doesn't get any easier, but that it does get better and the struggle is more rewarding. That's reassuring to hear and to realize.

KEN: I hope your love for Burroughs and your efforts on this project and any in the future will bring you kudos from those assembled here. I almost forgot to ask if there is another Burroughs project on the horizon for you.

BRET: I'm slated to do a Tarzan in Pellucidar story written by Walt and Weezie Simonson for Dark Horse. And I'm more than ready to do as much Burroughs as Dark Horse will send me. I know they are anxious to see the property prosper and want to continue for years.

KEN: On behalf of the *Burroughs Bulletin*, thank you for talking with us and good luck.

BRET: Thank you and Kaor!



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MARCH, 1919
Vol. XXXII, No. 5

THE
REDBOOK
MAGAZINE

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN
Editor

HERE begins the first of a new series of complete short stories by Edgar Rice Burroughs in which he will describe the future exploits of

TARZAN The UNTAMED

Unquestionably the most astonishing creation in modern American fiction and known wherever the English language is read or translated or the films are shown.

An EYE FOR an EYE

By

EDGAR RICE
BURROUGHS

Illustrated by
CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL



BIBLIOGRAPHER'S CORNER by SEPTIMUS FAVONIUS

"Tarzan and the Huns" was ERB's working title for **TARZAN THE UNTAMED**. In his previous story, **THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT**, Von Schoenvorts embodied the German villain of WWI, but in **UNTAMED**, the theme is transported and embellished in Tarzan's Africa where his estates are pillaged by the Germans and Jane is presumably murdered (her rings were transferred to the fingers of a burned corpse to make Tarzan believe she was dead). ERB wrote the first 13 chapters between August of 1918 and August of 1919, and they were published in **RED BOOK** as a 6-part serial, starting in March, 1919 and running for six consecutive months. Each installment was given its own title, such as "An Eye for an Eye" (see above). This serial was illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull whom Burroughs cordially despised for having drawn Tarzan with a full beard ... but Bull, a former taxidermist, knew how to draw animals (see the article by Bob Barrett, **BB** #15).

The second half of the story (chapters 14-24) was published in **ALL-STORY WEEKLY** as a 5-part serial, beginning on March 20, 1920 under the publisher's title "Tarzan and the Valley of Luna." In their promotional blurb, the editor states that ERB needed no introduction "so we will only say that in this story which marks the return of **TARZAN OF THE APES** to the pages of **ALL-STORY** where he began his career, Mr. Burroughs has lived up to his reputation of making every story he writes a little better than the last." P. J. Monahan did the color illustration of Tarzan on the front cover of the first installment, but there were no interior illustrations.



On April 30, 1920, thirteen days after publication of the final chapter in **ALL-STORY**, **TARZAN THE UNTAMED** was published in book form by A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago, with 9 superb illustrations by J. Allen St. John. The frontispiece was used as the dust jacket illustration. The first state is bound in olive green cloth with dark brown lettering on front cover and spine, while the second state (1921) is bound in bright green cloth. There are 426 pages (ERB's longest story). In 1922, the first Grosset & Dunlap reprint was published in red cloth, but with only 4 of the original 9 plates. In 1940, they issued the book without any illustrations. The first American paperback edition (Ballantine, July, 1963) carried a cover illustration by Dick Powers. In his 1992 Czech paperback edition, Milan Fibiger, Zdenek Burian's pupil, has painted the most attractive "Untamed" illustrations since St. John's.

... S.F.

1920 pulp version of part II of **TARZAN THE UNTAMED** (art by P. J. Monahan)

LETTERS to the *BURROUGHS BULLETIN*

THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT seems to have inspired some of the most thoughtful articles to appear in the *BB*. Concerning Phil Burger's question "Does human evolution cease with the creation of a modern industrial society?" ... may I suggest that evolution is a matter of physical and spiritual refinement which only stops (or more critically reverses) because of human degeneracy? In my opinion, there has never been a satisfactory solution to Lamarck's theory of evolution by necessity as, for example, the long necks of giraffes resulting from the need to eat off trees. Probably it's a combination of adaptability and selection. In Hogarth's *DYNAMIC ANATOMY*, he based his proportions for the human figure on 8 1/4" heads because the traditional Greek criterion of 7 1/2" heads does not produce "the height of a high school sophomore today." If today's humans tend to be taller, is this evolutionary? And is there a reason? Perhaps the reason is a move away from physical to mental work.

I share Robert Barrett's enthusiasm for the work of Frank Hoban. His 1920s style, like Foster's, has a particularly original appearance to it. Perhaps the paucity of information on him is due to the ephemeral nature of pulp magazines?

Tom Rookes
Lincoln, England

I enjoyed the *BB* #25 beautiful cover by St. John, and the neat back cover with Jan Sovak's 3-clawed dinosaur. I visited the new Frazetta Museum in Boca Grande and saw the full color oil original of the dino-pic on page 16. Very impressive; it was one of fifty original book jacket paintings on display. The background article on Darwinian theory by Phil Burger was illuminating and helped put *THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT* into a philosophical context. Phil Currie always brings a sense of humor and understanding, and never uses his expertise to sneer down at the errors running rampant in speculative fiction. Bill Stout's pen has delineated an excellent 2-clawed T. Rex and, it goes without saying that I was pleased to see Bob Barrett's spread on the excellent illustrations of Frank Hoban. Steve Harris did us all a favor in shedding light on the fine comic art of Bob Lubbers and the role of Raeburn Van Buren. I'd never seen Lubbers' first Sunday page and was fascinated to see the strong Hal Foster influence on his conception of Tarzan.

Harry Habblitz
Sarasota, Florida

I look forward to each issue of the *GRIDLEY WAVE*. Speaking of Gridley, I was astounded to find Jason Gridley a villain in the Dark Horse comic. I can't believe the Burroughs people would allow it.

Bob Hentges
Sioux City, Iowa



In the last three issues of the *BB*, there have been discussions of ERB's alleged racism. Being a fan of the Martian books, I get my impression of ERB's views on race from that series. On Barsoom, the red race was dominant. Their skin color is described as a reddish copper, and they themselves were the product of intermarriage among the original white, black and yellow races. The first four Mars novels (written between 1911-1914) came at a time when racial intermarriage was generally met with disapproval and was, in some states, illegal. Even today, some races still disapprove of racial intermarriage because they want to maintain racial diversity. In *LLANA OF GATHOL*, John Carter wonders if the races of Earth will someday intermarry to produce a race of red men. The tone of his statements was not one of disapproval. It seems ludicrous to accuse a man who wrote favorably of racial intermarriage 80 years ago of being racist. ERB was way ahead of his time on the subject of race.

William A. Sandberg
Rancho Palos Verdes, California

I am just putting the finishing touches to *ERBANIA* 74 which will be dated April, 1996, my fortieth anniversary issue ... my first was April, 1956. If you would care to give it a plug in the *GRIDLEY WAVE*, it would be appreciated. Subscriptions are still four for \$8. Looks like 1996 is going to be a tremendous year for Burroughs fans!

Pete Ogden
8001 Fernview Lane
Tampa, FL 33615

I enjoyed Stephen L. Harris's article on his uncle's and cousin's involvement with the Tarzan newspaper strip. However, I'd like to bring up a point. Harris states that after his cousin, Dick Van Buren, left the strip and turned it over to other writers ... namely John Celardo ... that the strip failed. I don't know how he could say that it failed when it's still being distributed, even though to a small number of newspapers, and that John Celardo went on to illustrate the strip for more years than any other artist except Rex Maxon and Gray Morrow ... all three for over twelve years.

Robert R. Barrett
Wichita, Kansas

The World Wide Web just announced that, beginning in November, Del Rey books will begin a bi-monthly release schedule for two-in-one Tarzan omnibus editions, starting with books 3 and 4 (*BEASTS OF TARZAN* and *SON OF TARZAN*).

Bob Roehm
Louisville, Kentucky



I feel I should come to the defense of Joe Jusko. Tarzan should look like he's capable of wrestling lions and apes. Joe's critics should look at any current body-building magazines to see bodies like Joe painted. If Tarzan is to flourish in this age of Schwarzenegger and Stallone, he must be as well-muscled as they are. In 1959, I saw *TARZAN'S GREATEST ADVENTURE* with Gordon Scott. I was 9 years old, and Gordon became the definitive Tarzan for me. I couldn't believe the size of his arms! Two things happened as a result of seeing that movie: I became a Burroughs fan and searched out and read *TARZAN OF THE APES*, and I took up body-building. Today, as a result of seeing that movie, plus years of workouts, I sport 19" arms ... nearly as big as Gordon Scott in his prime. Youngsters seeing Jusko's Tarzan might be inspired to seek out the works of ERB that inspired the art, or become an artist like Joe, or become a body-builder. Finally, is anyone else besides me disturbed by the fact that the Tarzan novels are out of print? Where is the next generation of fans coming from if his books are not readily available at all bookstores? Is there anything we can do about this?

James Taylor
Valley Station, Kentucky

THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT was the first Burroughs book I had ever read. I clearly remember telling two of my 5th grade classmates that it couldn't be the greatest science fiction book ever written because I'd never heard of the author. Verne and Wells, I argued, were the acknowledged masters of the form. I read the book that evening and proceeded to become a convert overnight. Soon I was spending all my spare money on the Ace Burroughs paperbacks. Unable to locate the Mars series at the newsstand, I ordered the entire series from Ballantine and haunted the mailbox for weeks until the package finally arrived. I then developed a mysterious illness which kept me out of school for two days. Bed rest proved to be the ideal remedy for my malady, and I made a complete recovery.

Pat Ford
Sarasota, Florida

I heard a rumor that Charles Ren had died. The four age-progression paintings he did of Tarzan are incredible, so I was wondering if you could do an article on him for the *BB*? I'd also like to see *BB* covers with art by Neal Adams, Julie Bell, Dave Doremann, Louis Royo and Mike Grell. Grell's credits include a James Bond and Greek Arrow comic miniseries, Robin Hood, the Warlord, Starslayer, Jon Sable Freelance and Shamans Tears. I'm sure he could be persuaded to paint the best Tarzan ever!

I'd like to get either Tarzan animation cartoons from the 1970s, or VHS copies of the cartoons. Any ideas? Thanks.

Kirk Philbrick
11140 Maple Street
Cleveland, Texas 77327

Radio actor Gale Gordon was interviewed last September in "Thrilling Days of Yesteryear" by a local reporter, so I'm sending along a few lines concerning his stint on the Tarzan radio shows of 1933. He says

"They (the radio shows) were directed by the story creator, Edgar Rice Burroughs. His daughter, Joan, was Jane, and her husband, James H. Pierce, was Tarzan. I played one of the English lords and I always doubled as a dying native, because I could scream louder than anybody else. So, every scream you hear when a native got speared...that was me. Burroughs, of course, had no radio background, he just directed for a little extra money and mostly left us to our own devices."

I assume his comments regarding ERB directing the shows was faulty memory at work...does anybody know for sure?

James R. Goodrich
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Tarzan's near death experience on the sun baked plateau remains, for me, the most memorable incident in *TARZAN THE UNTAMED*. Considering all the varied dangers he faces in the Tarzan novels, this incident stands out as being particularly vivid and powerful. Even the cover art on the paperback edition by the talented Boris Vallejo (see back cover) focuses on this life and death struggle between Tarzan and Ska, the vulture, against the rocky background of the dry plateau. This primeval conflict is mentioned in detail in Richard A. Lupoff's *EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS; MASTER OF ADVENTURE*. The scene is compelling and memorable for several reasons: first, because it's very rare for Tarzan to come so close to death, and secondly because his opponent isn't human...more like the raw, primeval power of harsh pitiless nature. In this episode, Tarzan comes perilously close to losing the battle against primordial nature.

Steve Nottingham
Bucks County, England

In recent months, with the Disney projects, the toys, the biographical projects on ERB, the many books and audiotapes, many of us in Burroughs fandom have been talking hopefully about a new Burroughs boom. We are hopeful because we remember the 1960s "boom" which brought so many long-term fans into the fold. So far, I feel that the so-called "booms" of the 1980s and 1990s are more of a flash-in-the-pan, where a given movie, toy or product is phenomenally successful for a short period of time, then forgotten. If the Burroughs boom of the 1990s is to transcend the "boom and bust" trend, it will be because people become attracted to the primal source...ERB's own writings...and remain enchanted by his sense of romance and adventure.

Raymond A. Cuthbert
Winnipeg, Canada



